

# Dodgers Strengthen Hold on First Place—Giants Win, but Yankees Lose in the Tenth

## Braves Make McGraw Men Hustle, but Again Lose Out

George Washington Grant, Owner of Boston Club, and Delegation of Friars Watch Battle; Larry Doyle Knocks Homer Into Right Field Stand

By W. O. McGeehan

The moody Boston Braves, who have not won a game so far during this palpitating season, made a valiant attempt to start something at the Polo Grounds yesterday, but they got their regular trouncing from the Giants by a score of 6 to 4. The pugnacity of the bean-fed battlers and some scintillating base running made it a spectacle worth watching for the holiday crowd, which was augmented by a delegation of Friars assembled for the purpose of holding a post-mortem on the Braves for George Washington Grant, who has the team on his hands at this particular writing.

The verdict of the Friars was that the Braves needed were a couple of pitchers, some fielders and a few outfielders. The noted critic severe in view of the fact that the Bostonians annoyed the Giants considerably during the afternoon, evening up the score twice and almost doing it again by about an eighth of an inch, when Rabbit Maranville ambitiously endeavored to stretch a three-bagger into a home run.

Jess Barnes, who pitched for the Giants, hung himself up another victory. The Braves started with Dick Rudolph, switched to Northup to let in a pinch hitter, and wound up the game with Mr. Demaree, the noted tactician. From this trio the Giants accumulated fourteen hits, one of them being a home run by Larry Doyle, who was founded on by the noted tactician. From this trio the Giants accumulated fourteen hits, one of them being a home run by Larry Doyle, who was founded on by the noted tactician.

Klem Warns Heinie Zim

The afternoon was enlivened by another conversation between Umpire Bill Klem and Heinie Zimmerman. During the game Mr. Klem turned to the dugout where Heinie was chattering merrily in his native language of the Bronx and observed, "You won't get away with this summer." Which sounds ominous. That and the criticism by the Friars on the architecture of Brush Stadium were the only things to mar the afternoon. The criticism of the Friars though, has some foundation in fact. They state that the bar was built too far away from the stands.

Rabbit Maranville started trouble for the Braves in the first inning. He rolled a hit to center and stole a base, going to third on Herzog's sacrifice. He scored from there on a wild pitch. The Giants tied in the same inning when Herzog made a wild throw from the mound to first, letting the Giant infielder reach second. Young knocked Herzog off his feet with a liner that went for two bases and Burns scored. Young was trapped between second and third, and was rolled one out to Rudolph, but it took the entire Boston team to catch him.

In the third inning Rudolph got a bomb from the Giant Tank, but it was only geared to above the outfield. Young singled to right and Chase, by way of variety, hit to centre, both runners going home on the throw-in. Then came Larry Doyle with a drive to right field, scoring Young. Chase, who tried to cross right behind, was nailed by the throw.

This put the Giants one ahead and routed the ire of George Stallings at the bouquet of American beatings presented by the Friars. He moved the posies to the other side of the dugout. They seemed to irritate him. The manager of the nine straight at the start of the season nothing looks rosier to him.

A little sliver of sunshine came into the dark life of Mr. Stallings in the fourth inning, when he and Burns scored the second time, but it passed in the same inning. Riggett hit to right field, scoring Young and Chase, who tried to cross right behind, was nailed by the throw.

McCarthy Gets Triple

It was Heinie Zimmerman who took all the joy away a few seconds later, with the same reckless abandon with which he unties the sensitive coat of Umpire Klem. Zimmerman drove a two-bagger to left field, and a delegation which accompanied the crash of Zimmerman's bat indicated that Law McCarthy, the Giant catcher, was driving two through the air. The noted tactician, who seemed to be in the mood of the season was intensified by the fifth. It was laughing Larry Doyle who started it again. What Larry scored in this is mystery to Mr. Stallings. Larry singled, and his example was emulated by Benny Kauff. Thereupon the Giants worked the double play. McCarthy, slashed one to Northrup, relief pitcher. This ended his grasp, but was nailed by Rabbit Maranville, who happened in the vicinity. He threw out Zim neatly, but Doyle scored.

If George Stallings had been of a hopeful nature he might have perked up and looked at his posies when Herzog rolled the sixth inning with a bench moodily biting tenpenny nails in two and spitting out the pieces. With two to Riggert singled to centre and Herzog scored.

The Braves made another drive against the barbed wire entanglement of the Giants in the seventh. Young (see Kelly, no relief, however, to the Kelly of the old Orioles and the Young batters, bounced a hit past Barnes, masquerading as a pinch hitter, went the usual way, with three fruitless and frantic swings. It was then that Rabbit Maranville pulled one out to the centrefield wall and started around the bases like the little animal that bears his name. Kelly came home. Then Rabbit rounded third just as Benny Kauff was making the return leave.

McCarthy was waiting for the relay. The Rabbit saw that it was coming and made a beautiful slide, shooting under the Giant catcher. Just as Maranville's foot was feeling for the plate McCarthy had the ball and hung it on his toe. The Rabbit lost a home run by a quarter of an inch, according to reliable statistics.

In the seventh inning the moody Mr. Stallings sent in Al Demaree, who divides his time between art and pitching. Mr. Demaree, who is a pitcher, sent in Al Demaree, who divides his time between art and pitching. Mr. Demaree, who is a pitcher, sent in Al Demaree, who divides his time between art and pitching.

Therapist nothing happened to rouse Mr. Stallings from his dark reveries, which continue to grow darker and darker. The Rabbit to the bitter end he sat in the Braves dugout, merrily hitting tenpenny nails in two and spitting out the pieces. And he continued to wonder what Larry Doyle saw to laugh at!

Poly Prep Nine Wins

Poly Prep defeated Stevens Prep at baseball on the former's diamond yesterday by a score of 16 to 8.

EVERYTHING FOR Billiards Bowling

Prices and Terms to Suit. REPAIRS BY EXPERT MECHANICS. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., 22 West 32d St., Near Broadway.

An immense crowd sweltered in the first hot weather of the season at the Madison Square race tracks to-day and witnessed the first public horseracing in Paris since July, 1914. This afforded the Frenchmen opportunity to show how eager they are to forget the war in participating in sports.

The attendance was so large that employees in the mutual betting ring were unable to adequately handle the throng. The principal event was won by an out-

## Mack Proves Bit Too Foxy For Huggins

New Yorkers Lose to the Athletics After Contest That Goes Extra Innings

PHILADELPHIA, May 6.—Connie Mack outgeneralled the midjet Miller Huggins in the opening game of the Yankees' first series here and carried home the bacon from Shibe Park after ten fretful rounds by a score of 3 to 2.

A whole lot of things conspired in favor of Connie's weaklings to turn back the club that has just made mincemeat of the world's champion Red Sox, but not Scott Perry, the tall tactician's big ace. Connie withdrew his burly right hander in the seventh inning for a pinch hitter about the time he was willing to concede the one run New York had spotted Herb Thormahlen as plenty for the occasion.

But you know what happens to the best laid plans. Thormahlen chucked his lead in a fit of frenzied wildness, and the usually reliable Bob Shawkey followed suit a few rounds later after the pastime had dragged into overtime. But nobody should very much blame even Thormahlen or Shawkey. It was enough to make anybody wild to watch those Yankees kick opportunity right in the face, time after time.

Perry was just about the wildest coot that ever mounted a wind-swept mound and hittable to boot. How the Yankees failed to get a half dozen runs during his stay is a matter that cannot be explained away by scientific research. Time after time he opened the gate and tried to coax them in. He couldn't interest them.

So far that goes Huggins deserves no sympathy whatever. He wasn't content to let well enough alone. He broke up a winning combination, one that had just won a series from the world's champions to try out Halas in Sammy White's place. And he ended the day by re-substituting Witt.

In the third visitors got a run. Peck walked and Pipp sacrificed. Shannon threw out Baker, but Pratt horned in with a single, scoring Pipp. In the fourth Bodie singled, only to die stealing. Clean singles by Thormahlen and Halas followed to no purpose. Peck was caught off guard opening the fifth with a single. Then the Yanks just started to qualify for the brown derby.

Pratt singled and Lewis walked, with none out in the sixth. They pulled a double steal after Bodie fanned. Ruel popped to Witt, Thormahlen walked, hitting the bases, and Halas popped to Burns. Peck walked, getting the eighth. He was advanced on Pipp's sacrifice, but was trapped when Pratt grounded to Dugan.

Thormahlen was stingy with his hits, but generous with his passes from the start. He passed the first two in the opening inning, yet pulled out safely. He had no such luck in the seventh. Witt opened this with a single, the first hit of Thormahlen. Shannon sacrificed. Thormahlen forced home the tying run by passing the next three batters, two of them pinch hitters.

Shannon's battery, Thormahlen's single drove home Dykes, a pinch runner. In the eighth the Yanks tied it up again. Lewis singled, scoring when Dugan threw poorly on Ruel. Lamar, batting for Thormahlen, doubled to left, sending Ruel to third. When Ruel pulled out to Seibold for Kinney, Huggins substituted Vick for Halas. Sammy fouled out to Thomas. Peck walked, but Pipp blew New York's great chance by striking out.

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THESE two players were prominent in the two local baseball games yesterday. Captain Arthur Fletcher (left) of the Giants returned to his short-field position at the Polo Grounds after an absence because of injuries and played his usually brilliant game. Burleigh Grimes (right) won for the Dodgers at Ebbets Field. Oeschger started the contest against Grimes, but was knocked out in the third. These two pitchers clashed in a sensational twenty-inning tie in Philadelphia recently.



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"That's Good"

All through the night I sat and said  
"That's good";  
I muttered, as I shook my head,  
"That's good";  
Quite off I tried to help a pair,  
Or plug a flush, in dull despair,  
To answer back with vacant stare  
"That's good."

All through the night I answered back  
"That's good";  
Yea, ever with the self-same crack  
"That's good";  
No matter how I make my swing  
To play 'em close—or take a fling—  
I never can draw anything  
"That's good."

If Dempsey Won

It would be a notable thing for the heavyweight outlook if Jack Dempsey could drive Jess Willard back into the bosky dell and thereby bring the game back to a reasonable basis again.

There is plenty of chance for action ahead with a 180 or 190 pound champion.

But when a prehistoric specimen around 6 feet 6 inches tall, weighing beyond 260 pounds, with a 76-inch reach, arrives, the works are badly clogged.

Willard reached the top through the sheer preponderance of bulk and reach, plus enough boxing ability to keep going.

When a fighter outweighs all rivals by 50 or 60 pounds, towers above them by 6 or 7 inches and has an advantage in reach of half a foot, he doesn't need much else to nail the decision.

If one could employ the ancient system and heave a brick, the odds in weight wouldn't matter.

But to mix it with a bloke who can hold you off with one paw and stroke you with another through mere physical bulk is something else.

A Dempsey victory would mean quite a scramble. But beating Willard is also another affair, unless his vast bulk has begun to decay.

If Bolshevism ever arrives in baseball, the player will no longer merely growl at the umpire. He'll brain him with a bat—unless the umpire shoots him first.

When asked regarding the final disposition of Fiume, Mr. Francesco Izzola, the noted Italian, otherwise known as Ping Bodie, replied succinctly and to wit: "I'll bet I could crash the old apple if they ever sent me there in a trade." What could be fairer than this?

As for Fables—

And once a beaten man said with zest:  
"I never felt better—and played my best."

There has been almost as much trouble, oratory and upheaval in awarding Fiume as there was in awarding Scott Perry.

The Change

Human nature is a poor institution. Willard and Dempsey are now scouring the terrain to find a place for battle.

Yet a year ago both were quite coy and aloof when they could have had their pick of eight or ten fronts for one of the best little fights of recent years.

Things sometimes happen so.

N. Y. U. Freshies Defeat Columbia in Track Meet

New York University's freshman track team defeated the Columbia first year team yesterday afternoon in a dual meet on Ohio Field, by the score of 68 to 31. The violet cubs showed up particularly well in the mile events. Out of a possible 45 points in these events the winners captured 41. On the track the home team won but two first place honors in races, but they scored enough second and third places to even matters up.

Weatherdon, N. Y. U.'s star high jumper, was the individual star of the meet, scoring twelve of his team's points. He tied for first place in the high jump, while his team-mate Dorff took second in both the discus throw and the running broad jump, and tied for second with Ferguson in the pole vault.

## Robbie's Ball Team Comes From Behind To Triumph

Phillies Leading by 7 to 0 When Flatbush Bats Begin to Connect Solidly; Grimes Sticks to Finish on Mound for Brooklyn, but Rival Quits

By W. J. Macbeth

Uncle Wilbert Robinson and his daring, dashing, driving Dodgers gave an excellent illustration of what may be accomplished by grit, tenacity and hustle in the opening game of the series against the Phillies at Ebbets Field yesterday afternoon. Brooklyn's pace-makers won by a score of 11 to 9. But that isn't even an incidental to the main story.

The Dodgers, after their most ardent supporter would have hesitated to risk a nickel against a million on the Flatbush chances, came from behind a 7 to 0 handicap and fought the Quakers to a dead standstill. After the visitors had been aided and abetted to half a dozen runs in the very first inning, Brooklyn turned right around and matched that accomplishment in the third.

By drive and speed and the never-say-die spirit, the Dodgers retrieved a sorry start that had some twelve thousand early mourners just about resigned to the gas route and that had hurried Charles Hercules Ebbets into his counting house for solace.

Two Iron Men in Box

More was at stake than the game itself, for Burleigh Grimes and Joe Oeschger, who figure in that memorable twenty innings tie in Quaker Town last week, were given the chance to prove the question of superiority. Every one had to admit that Burleigh was the gruer glutton for punishment, anyhow. He had the last laugh and the last is always the big rib-tickler.

Grimes didn't start to laugh till Oeschger's chortle began to strangle Joe, and there were several occasions afterward when he felt more like crying. But the "weeps" always were for his support, not for personal shortcomings.

The Dodgers gave their erstwhile playmate, Jack Coombs—now leader of the Quakers—a brand-new sporting rig for himself and a silver service for the boss of the Coombs family, and then, after kidding Jack a spell, they proceeded to give him and his old Phils the bum's rush. It may have been the gruer glutton for punishment ceremony (in the case of the Coombs) that gave the Dodgers such a long afternoon's work.

Any one of the twelve thousand will testify that it was cold Flatbush yesterday afternoon. And the several thousands who couldn't get in time and had to go home may thank their lucky stars that the Coombs family wonderful performance, which they didn't carry heavy winter wraps and heavier life insurance.

They frapped Dodgers in that first inning, as if they needed a set of baskets instead of holding their own. Just two balls were hit out of the infield and yet the Phillies sent ten men to bat and scored six runs. Callahan walked, and Williams was safe on a Magree's horrible fumble. Meusel scratched a hit through the box, filling the bases. Luders hit sharply to Oeschger.

An easy double play was in prospect, but Ivy first fumbled and then in his hurry he perged into right field. On a double error Callahan and Williams scored. The lumbering Luders was killed off. The play was over, but Miller's throw headed him. While the numb Dodge infield was pursuing Luders, Meusel made a dash for the plate. He was trapped and finally killed off. The play was over, but Miller's throw headed him. While the numb Dodge infield was pursuing Luders, Meusel made a dash for the plate. He was trapped and finally killed off. The play was over, but Miller's throw headed him.

Bad Error by Magree

A mighty good thing they got the lone bird. For Baird next scratched a cheap Brooklyn single to Olson and scoring the lumbering Luders was a fox trot. Olson finally got under Pearce's tail hoist for the second out. Cady, however, singled to centre, registering and on the throw in moved to second. He scored on the throw.

Cy Williams, first up in the second, lammed one over the right field fence for a homer, giving the Phils a 7 to 0 advantage. But good pitchers will only stand so much. And right now Grimes settled to his knitting and made monkeys of the Phils until the eighth inning, at which time Robbie's heavy arm was swinging away at the front in a charge.

The Dodgers filled the bases to no purpose in the first, but went out in order in the second. They got a new start in the third and made the most of it. Olson walked, Magree singled and Griffith doubled for the first run. Magree scored on Wheat's long fly to Williams. Luders moved to second, and a new batting frenzy developed. Koney's single scored Griffith. Malone tripled to right, scoring Koney. Miller stroled and advanced on a wild pitch. He and Koney scored on Grimes' Texas League double, the sun and the wind tricking Callahan out of an easy inning. Olson, up for the second time in the round, batted the box.

That was all for Oeschger. The Dodgers picked up a run off Prendergast in each of the fourth, fifth and sixth and two good innings in the seventh. Passes to Griffith and Myers, sandwiched round Wheat's infield single, with an infield out, gave the eighth to the fourth. A double steal by Olson and Magree in the fifth added the candy. Grimes ruined a proved rally in this inning by bunting into the candy.

Koney's triple scored Wheat, who walked in the sixth. Grimes' hit, Sicking's error on Olson, Magree's sacrifice and Griffith's single gave the Dodgers their last two in the seventh. Faircloth staggered and tumbled through the eighth by grace of a double error, the third turned by the Phils during the wind-swept afternoon.

An eleven-run rally paved the way to a run for Philadelphia, which was the while another error by Grimes himself, let down the bars to the last score in the ninth.

Standing of Major League Clubs

NATIONAL LEAGUE

GAMES TO-DAY.

New York at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia at Brooklyn.

Chicago at Cincinnati.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

New York, 6; Boston, 4.

St. Louis, 2; Pittsburgh, 1.

Chicago, 7; Cincinnati, 0.

Brooklyn, 11; Philadelphia, 9.

STANDING OF TEAMS.

W. L. Pct.

B'klyn., 8 1 .889 Phila., 4 5 .444

Cin., 3 3 .500 Pittsb., 4 6 .400

New York 6 3 .667 St. Louis, 3 3 .500

Chicago, 7 4 .636 Boston, 9 9 .500

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GAMES TO-DAY.

New York at Philadelphia.

Detroit at Chicago.

Washington at Boston.

St. Louis at Cleveland.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Philadelphia, 3; New York, 2.

Chicago, 3; Detroit, 1.

Cleveland, 3; St. Louis, 6.

Boston, 2; Washington, 0.

STANDING OF TEAMS.

W. L. Pct.

Chicago, 3 3 .500 Wash., 2 3 .400

Cleveland, 4 4 .500 Phila., 6 5 .545

New York 6 3 .667 St. Louis, 3 3 .500

Boston, 2 3 .400 Detroit, 1 3 .250

New York 5 4 .556 Phila., 3 7 .300

## Unkind to Colby!

PHILA. (N. L.) | BROOKLYN (N. L.)

Colby	Ab	R	B	E	W	L	Pct
Colby	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
Williams	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
Miller	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
Luders	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
Callahan	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
Grimes	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
Shawkey	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
Pearce	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
Cady	22	1	0	0	0	0	1.000